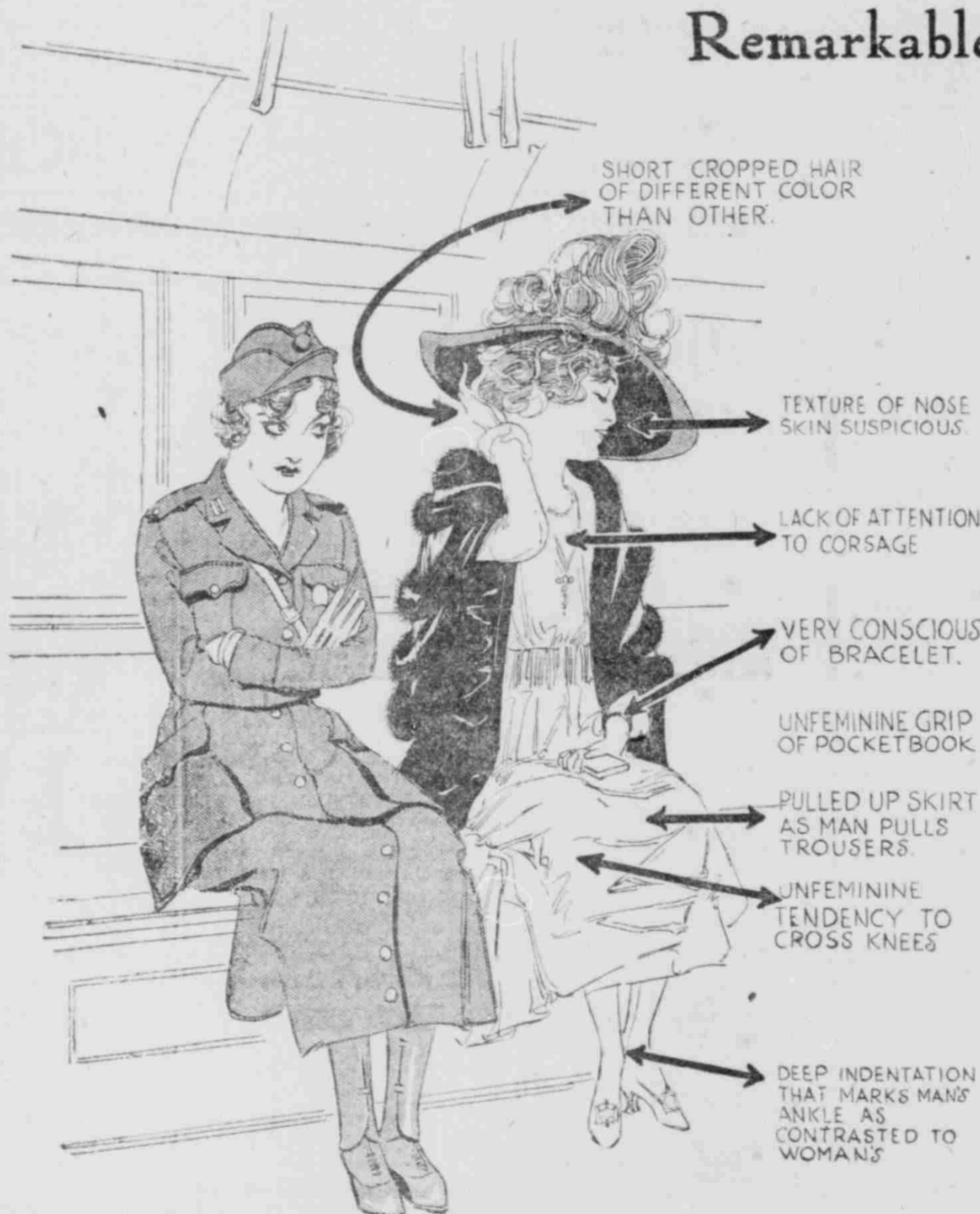




Some of New York's Police Reserve Women Parading on Fifth Avenue During the Fourth of July Celebration.

How New York's Policewomen "Spot" The German Spies

Remarkable Results of Employing Woman's Intuition in Detecting Plotters, Enemies in Disguise and Suspicious Aliens--and How Science Accounts for Its Success



A Pictorial Diagram Showing Just How the Little Policewoman Knew That the Woman Next to Her Was a Man--All Points Which Would Have Failed to Register Upon the Slower-Moving, Less Sensitive Masculine Intelligence.

ONE afternoon not long ago a comely, bright-eyed, young woman in the midnight blue skirt and coat, brass buttons and fatigue cap of the Woman's Police Reserve, entered a car on one of the lines of New York City. It was a very hot day and the policewoman, new to her uniform, found it somewhat uncomfortable. She darted a glance, as women will, at her neighbor—a good-looking, red-haired, rather solidly built woman, remarkably well dressed and exhaling an odor of delicate sachet.

In that one lightning glance three things registered themselves upon her brain—first, that her vis-a-vis was remarkably cool looking for such a temperature; second, that her nose was enviably unshiny, thus differing from all the other women in the car; third, that there was something peculiar about the shape of her ankles, for it is a curious trait in feminine psychology that a woman's all-embracing rapid observation of another almost invariably runs from hat and face down to feet, whereas six out of every ten men will first look at a woman's feet and then her face. For a few minutes these observations drifted aimlessly through the policewoman's consciousness. Then, suddenly, two more points that seemed unusual thrust themselves upon her—that, instead of her neighbor carrying her pocketbook lightly or simply holding it upon her lap as most women do, she gripped it tightly and tensely in the fashion of men. And, also, that she seemed to be oddly self-conscious as to a shining golden bracelet upon her wrist.

The policewoman's interest was now completely aroused. After covertly watching the red-haired lady for a few minutes, she began to wonder why, when all the other women in the car were now and then adjusting their bodices, giving them the habitual little feminine pull upward or outward—that this one paid no attention whatever to it. The red-haired woman crossed her legs and the watcher sensed something unfeminine in this action too. The motion brought the right ankle clear-

ly under the policewoman's gaze, and she saw beneath it that deep indentation found on the man's foot, but so rarely on the rounded ankle of women.

Now a man would not have noticed any of these things. Or if he had, he would without exception have said of the nose and the general aspect of coolness, "There's a woman that has got brains enough to keep cool." Of the bracelet and pocketbook his probable observation would have been: "She wants to show off that ornament, and she must be stingy from the way she holds onto her purse." The failure to adjust the bodice, the knee crossing movement and the ankles would absolutely have failed to register in his mind. Intuition whispered to the policewoman: "Something wrong about this lady."

Just then the latter raised a hand and tucked back a curl of the red hair. As she did so the girl in blue saw at the nape of the neck before the curl was settled into place, a line of short cropped brown hair.

Now here again a man would in all likelihood have said to himself: "Well, there's a woman with a wig. I wonder how she lost her hair?"

Not so the policewoman. The links were complete. She went to the back platform. At the next stop she signalled a policeman and said: "That woman in white, with the white hat and the red hair, is a man. Arrest her."

The officer complied and the fate of the impersonator is shadowed in a succinct line on a police blotter, "Referred to the Secret Service."

This instance is but one of many that point out the unexpected and astonishing value of the feminine faculty called intuition as it is being used for the benefit of the nation by the Police Department of New York City. It is an amazing development of the formation of the Woman's Police Reserve of that city whose field is widening more and more. For already the three thousand women of the organization have uncovered scores of nests of spies, revealed dangerous aliens, "spotted" plotters who thought themselves suspicion-

proof, and reported hundreds of cases to the Secret Service and the Allied detective branches. Woman has proven herself to be a better Sherlock Holmes than man in that field of minute observation which Sherlock Holmes made his own.

The Woman's Police Reserve, suggested by Deputy Commissioner Rodman Wamsucker was given by Police Commissioner Enright the widest opportunities to prove itself and to make good.

"Frankly an experiment," says Commissioner Enright, "it was an experiment that had in it from the beginning elements of certain success—but how great the success we did not then even suspect. What happened is that half unwittingly we capitalized for the good of the nation that extraordinary, often derided, but immensely valuable faculty known as woman's intuition. Woman's intuition is man's reasoning with much of the slower processes of the male brain eliminated and is, as has been proven by psychological tests both at Columbia and Harvard, correct twenty per cent of tenor than man's slower logic."

This faculty of feminine intuition now being put to such an unusual test has been the subject of scientific discussion for decades. Knowing that it did exist, that woman had the practical monopoly of it, that its processes were as swift as lightning, as mysterious as force itself, and having a total correctness in conclusions that harrowed out all theory of coincidences, scientists at last decided that its causes and origin were worth looking into.

The late Professor Munsterberg, of Harvard, believed that the sensory mechanism of women worked quicker than that of men. He took the illustration of two sets of wires, corresponding to the nerves of the human body, conducting a current of electricity to a certain point. The wires of women's nerves were able to communicate to the fixed point, in this case the brain, the current much more quickly than the male equipment, and, furthermore, reacted to currents too faint for man's wires to take up. The addition of these subtle stimuli produced in the receiving centre an entirely different comprehension in woman than in man, Munsterberg argued.

Dr. Henri P. Lasselles, the distinguished French psychologist, agreed with Munsterberg's conclusions, but, with the greater French thoroughness, delved into the causes and epitomized them in the following abridged translation:

"The intuition of women is the result of a highly specialized observation, greater sensitivity in sight, hearing and touch than man, and a process of deduction from sense impressions so rapid that she herself is not conscious of the processes involved. The reason for this development is twofold—First, that woman has been entrusted by nature with the bringing into the world and the protection of children; second, the ages-long battle that she has had to keep the vagrant attention of man.

"In the countless centuries of savagery and semi-savagery before the birth of our higher civilization, the woman about to bear a child had to be largely her own protector. The male was a strutting, promiscuous brute who left her largely to her

own devices. In this environment she had to watch for enemies and think, not only for herself, but for the child to be born while after it had been born it was her task to protect it until able to shift for itself. She had to think not for only one like man, but for two, three or four. Every rattle in the jungle, every sound, every object might mean peril. Through this constant watchfulness she developed that extraordinary faculty of what we call peripheral sight, which she shares with birds and wild animals who possess it for exactly the same purpose—the protection of their young and themselves.

"The image reflected on the retina of the human eye and carried by the optic nerve to the human brain is not perceived by man in its entirety. Its centre is clear, but as the images pass on to the periphery of the retina they carry to a man's brain hazy, indefinite impressions. This is not so with a woman's eye. The peripheral vision is almost as clear as the direct central vision. The consequence is that woman can actually see 'out of the side of her eye,' and this explains why she can absorb so much more detail than a man can. Add to this power of actually seeing more the age-long necessity for seeing more clearly and acting swiftly upon things seen and you have one of the great factors of intuition."

"The second factor—the sex factor—enters into it not so largely, but still most importantly. A woman could not, in the simple primitive way of man, take a club and beat out her rival's brains. This might not destroy entirely the affection of the male for the slaughtered one and the latter herself might well suffer the same fate at his own hands. Woman was, therefore, driven to subtlety. She became an artist of indirection. Her campaign against her own kind had to be carried on with cunning, much thought, subtlety. Little gestures, intonations, the tiniest details that could have no significance to man, grew to be the actual signal posts by which woman made her way."

"The circuitous habit of thought, swift deduction and greater power of observation," concludes Dr. Lasselles, "makes woman far abler than man in certain fields of diplomacy, and also makes her a natural apprehender of spies wherever women themselves are concerned."

Here, then, is science's explanation of the success of the women police that has so amazed Commissioner Enright and thousands who are familiar with the facts.

A few more instances of their work will illustrate the points just raised.

In one of the small hotels in upper New York a small, inoffensive young woman has taken a room. The fact that she wears a uniform is a jest among her fellow-guests. She looks as though she were a domestic. Her voice is soft and low-pitched. "Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth," says the waitress, who brings her her morning coffee. That young woman is self-stationed opposite one of New York's most magnificent apartment houses.

A friend of hers had said: "On these hot nights I have kept the shades up at the window. I have been awakened twice by a signal from the next house. Each time it was at 3 o'clock in the morning. You've noticed that business sign next door. There is no reason why that should be used at 3 o'clock in the morning. Besides I looked out and each time it looked no more like a business sign than I look like you. It was a radiograph and it was flashing a signal across the river."

"Glad you told me," said the girl.

That is the reason she took a room at the small hotel opposite the business house. That is the reason the maid who calls her in the morning finds her looking wan and sleepless. She is sleepless. All night she watches the house opposite, and the apparently innocent business sign. She is acquiring evidence that may be of tremendous importance.

It is a matter of little moment that a cat should be shot in a back yard. The feline

corpse with a bullet hole in its side would seem to be mute testimony to the disturbed slumbers of a nearby resident. The find of a dead rabbit in a back yard is not unusual. But a rabbit in form and general appearance resembles a cat. Someone, aiming at midnight marauders, might have made a mistake. It was a circumstance seeming of no consequence. But a child-prattle about a dead rabbit piqued the interest of a police reserve woman.

"Who shot it?" she asked the prattler.

"A little boy eleven years old shot it," she said. "I saw him. He can shoot awful far. He shot it from his window across two backyards."

The police substitute looked at the little girl. "How does he happen to be such a good shot?" he asked.

"Oh, they're all good shots. The mother and father and the two big boys and this little one can all shoot far. They go to New Jersey every Sunday and practise shootin'."

The police reserve woman called at the house of excellent marksmanship. On the ground floor was a bake-shop kept by a man who lived with his wife and three sons above the shop. He professed to be American, but his name was Teutonic as sauerkraut. It was true, the woman verified the story that they crossed the river Sunday for rifle practise. She learned that all carried arms and were skilful rifle shots. The case was reported and the family is receiving the searching attention of a government department.

Rent is a serious factor in every metropolitan dweller's life. But to women it is an acute cause of unrest, protest, of observation. An uptown housewife missed the woman of the front ground floor flat of the modest house in which they lived. A month later she met her former neighbor downtown and asked where she was living. The woman, who was dressed simply, mentioned one of the exclusive portions of the city.

"Come to see me," she said. "You'd love my new home."

The former neighbor called at the apartment house. As her former neighbor had said, she did love the wide view of the river, the impressive court, the sunshine pervaded rooms, the everywhere apparent luxury. As she went downstairs she asked to see the superintendent. She inquired the rental of the apartments on the floor she had left.

"Five hundred a month," answered the superintendent.

More investigation connected with the house service. In the apartment she had left was run a private poker game, "a big game, three dollars entrance and fifty dollars in the kitty," grinned the porter. "I've got a friend that serves the drink to them. High rollers, them women!"

More investigation. A maid had noticed just the women who came to play poker every afternoon in that apartment were all overpiled and of clumsy movement.



Major Edythe Totten, Who Has Charge of the New York Policewomen's Reserve.

"They're clodhoppers, not ladies," was her verdict. The poker game was a cloak for meeting of German spies. All have been interned.

"But the women reserves are more than sleuths," insists Inspector Dwyer. "They are past mistresses in any situation that requires tact. I have detailed many of them to duty in parks and other secluded spots. If a male policeman saw young girls loitering about he would tell them to get out of the park. They would, but they would go somewhere else. A woman would get the girl's confidence and warn her of her danger and persuade her to go or take her home. We are arranging a plan whereby one woman will have supervision over every city block. An intelligent woman will soon know all it is necessary to know about every person in the block."

Black-haired Major Totten has a code of a few words that she and the Secret Service alone understand.

"We are ready to obey any order for any work from the Police Department. We are preparing to buy two ambulances. One of them will stand all day at Times Square. We are selling 500 tickets a day for the concert at which Caruso is to sing. The proceeds will go to buy uniforms for the men who give their spare time to the service. The women are buying their own uniforms."